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POEMS.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,

TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

BY

HENRY FOX COOPER.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

AND SOLD BY CADELL AND DAVIES, STRAND; VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY; AND JAMES CARPENTER, OLD BOND-STREET, *LONDON;*

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1805.

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DEDICATION.

TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

MADAM,

THE honour you have conferred upon me by allowing me the permission to dedicate to your Grace this small volume of poems, naturally calls forth my most unfeigned respect, and gives birth to the most lively emotions of gratitude.

But when you obligingly condescended to take a further interest in my favour, and procured for me the additional protection of many of the most distinguished persons in the highest walks of life, celebrated for their affability, their condescension, and for every virtue that can adorn and dignify human nature, I must indeed be deficient in grati-

tude were I to be forgetful of those proofs of your kindness.

As my pen never will give utterance to what my heart does not sincerely feel, permit me then, Madam, thus publicly to declare, that in YOUR PERSON is centred all those estimable virtues which can add lustre to a title.

Conscious that the pieces composing this volume are not entitled to any high meed of praise, yet I trust your Grace will believe, that they are the effusions of a mind alive to the principles of morality, and as such I hope not unworthy the protection of the illustrious HOUSE of GORDON.

I am, MADAM,
Your Grace's much obliged,
And most devoted servant,

HENRY FOX COOPER.

LONDON,
March, 1825.

PREFACE.

In submitting this small volume of Poems to the perusal and protection of the public, the author is fully sensible that, in the composition of them, he has nothing to reproach himself with on the score of immorality.

His aim has been invariably to inculcate the divine precepts of Christianity, to disseminate the godlike attributes of Charity, Benevolence, and Humanity. How far he may succeed in such a desirable endeavour is not for him to conjecture. He has, however, the pleasing consolation to reflect, that his wishes and labours will ever tend to promote universal philanthropy.

That he is unfriendly to war, may be evidently seen from the tenor of several of the pieces. War has ever been

considered by him as the precursor of the misery, and the destroyer of the means of existence of his fellow-creatures. The world has seen, too fatally seen! for a series of years past, the evils attendant on a system of warfare, not to be well convinced of its dangerous and destructive tendency.

Without entering into an examination of the merits of war, and wishing distinctly to be understood as not condemning *this* or any other war that may have blasted the prosperity of his country for the last century, it is sufficient for his purpose to observe (and he feels very confidently that it cannot be denied even by the most sophistical casuist) that war deprives the child of his parent, the wife of her husband, the mother of her son; ransacks and lays waste villages and cities, inundates them with rivers of human blood, and, in fine, strikes at the very existence of civilization and population!!! Will any man, professing the sacred principles of Christianity, boldly stand forward and declare himself the advocate for such a system?

That no man may presume from the foregoing observations, to pervert the author's opinions as to the *propriety* of war, which no one, however much inclined to pervert the meaning of words can do, he must again repeat, that he does not question the *political propriety* of going to war, he merely states the EVIL CONSEQUENCES resulting from it, and in stating those EVIL CONSEQUENCES he is fully justified in the expectation that TRUTH will compel ALL to acknowledge he states facts.

To the very numerous and highly respectable list of friends who have honoured him with their names, he takes this opportunity of returning his most sincere thanks, and assures them, that their UNSOLICITED and DISINTERESTED friendship, will be ever gratefully remembered by him.

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POEMS.

THE DEATH OF CORA.

A TALE.

IN the vale of PERU dwelt a beauteous fair,
A virgin, the pride of the grove,
For innocence fam'd, and for purity rare,
Not one with sweet CORA could ever compare,
For RELIGION, for TRUTH, and for LOVE.

She sought in the house of pale sanctity's train,
As she vow'd at the altar to GOD!
In the Nuns hallow'd temple, a cure for her pain,
For the world she was doom'd ne'er to visit again,
But to bend to affliction's keen rod.

'Twas ALONZO she lov'd, a young Spaniard by birth,
ALONZO, the pride of all Spain!
But fate her implicit commands had sent forth,
That the foe to PERU should possess not her worth,
Who had delug'd with blood all the plain.

Yet ALONZO had virtues, was generous and kind,
Though his genius aspir'd to fame,
And in history's page hop'd a corner to find,
And proud as a Spaniard and noble his mind,
Yet he thirsted to bear a great name.

Curst ambition directed his footsteps to roam
With PIZARRO, the cruel and bold,
And bent upon conquest—at distance from home,
To PERU steer'd their course through the billowy foam,
In hopes to amass stores of gold.

The Peruvian swains saw, with terror, the horde
Of invaders debark on the shore,
To the caves near the mountains, retreat to afford,
They fled from the sight of the murderous sword,
All stain'd with their countrymen's gore.

Devastation and horror reign'd over the plain,
Where innocence once dwelt secure,
Nought was heard but the cannon and cries of the slain,
Soft pleasure and happiness gave way to pain,
And PERU was compell'd to endure.

Young ALONZO alone of the merciless crew
Whose heart told the mischief he'd done,
From PIZARRO's fell army in private withdrew,
In the sacred temple he join'd the sad few,
In their prayers offer'd up to the sun.

'Twas there he beheld the fair CORA's sweet face,
With radiance illum'd from above,
Her innocence charm'd, while her dignified grace,
With devotion inspir'd, in that hallowed place,
From his breast drew the throbbings of LOVE.

And CORA was struck with the elegant form
Of the stranger, and soon 'gan to burn,
With affection's pure flame, for all that could charm,
She soon found in ALONZO whose heart felt so warm,
But fate had decreed they should mourn.

For the father of CORA would never agree,
That his daughter a Spaniard should wed,
The foe to PERU, his son should not be,
Who fighting against heaven's gift—LIBERTY!
The flame of destruction had spread.

No longer the rose bloom'd on CORA's sweet cheek,
But sickness took place of its hue,
To the house of RELIGION, some comfort to seek,
She went—but no comfort could CORA bespeak,
TILL DEATH CAME AND DEMANDED HIS DUE.

THE COMPLAINT.

A PASTORAL.

OH! where is my FLORIDEL fled,
The pride of the gay village train?
Ah! what has bewilder'd his head,
Thus to leave me to sigh and complain?
How oft by thy side did we rove,
Chearful THAME! as thou murmur'st along;
While he talk'd to his PHŒBE of love,
Or pleas'd my fond heart with his song.

But no more his sweet pipe is now heard,
His love too, alas! it is flown,
For FLORIDEL's false to his word,
And has left me, to sigh out alone.
The birds as they tune their sweet throats,
No melody sure can impart;
For what charm can arise from their notes,
To soothe the distress of my heart?

Though Spring spreads her mantle to please,
And Nature's sweet prospects look bright,
Yet how shall I stem the disease,
That rankles my bosom at night?
At night, when the swains seek their rest
And the maidens, unconscious of harm,
With Hope chear their bosoms so blest,
The soother for me hath no charm.

'Twas WAR call'd my shepherd away,
To forsake his fond PHŒBE and home.
And sighing! I curse the sad day,
When he left me unkindly to roam
To far distant climes o'er the main,
Where slaughter pursues the foul trade,
Where thousands lie dead on the plain,
And youth's ripening blossoms soon fade.

But when these dread horrors shall cease,
And destruction return the fell sword,
When blest with the comforts of PEACE,
Rich PLENTY shall spread her full board;

Then my FLORIDEL homeward will hie,
Full happy to meet him again,
With affection's fond tear in my eye,
Will PHŒBE no longer complain.

But I'll dress my neat cot out so spruce,
Nor envy the happiest she,
And nothing my heart shall refuse,
To tempt my dear shepherd to flee;—
Oh! then how we'll chearfully stray,
Where happy we oft stray'd before,
And the birds pleas'd shall warble the lay,
When my FLORIDEL wanders no more.

FLORIDEL TO PHŒBE.

LET my PHŒBE no longer complain,
Nor heave the disconsolate sigh,
For pleasure shall vanquish the pain
That causes the tear in her eye;
Her FLORIDEL's vows are still true,
His heart beats responsive to prove
The joys that his soul ever knew,
The innocent joys of true love.

'Twas GLORY, the meteor shone bright,
Illumin'd my senses to stray,
And led me to join in the fight;
But delusive I found was the ray:
For the balls as they flew round the field,
Devoting the victims to die,
Made my breast to soft sympathy yield,
And I question'd myself with a sigh!

What is GLORY?—fell *Murder's* proud sire!
Is WAR by just Heav'n decreed?
Does the great GOD of Nature require
That thousands should wantonly bleed?
Ah no! he's the GOD of fair truth,
His precepts bid murder to cease;
Then while blest with the vigour of youth,
I'll return to the comforts of PEACE.

To the place of my true love's abode,
There tasting the cup of delight,
At distance from GLORY's false road,
With innocence ever unite,
And join in the dance with the swains,
Nor fear the loud trumpet's alarms,
While the pipe shall be heard on the plains,
And I blest in my PHŒBE's fond arms.

THE CHOICE.

A JEU D'ESPRIT.

MIRANDA fair as op'ning day,
With eyes of heavenly blue,
And LIPS as sweet as new mown hay,
One morn tripp'd o'er the dew.
Her steps towards the garden bent,
To view the fragrant flowers,
For thither led by YOUNG CONTENT,
She'd pass some pleasant hours.

That morn a Beau was by her side,
Who wish'd her heart to move,
But she, of innocence the pride!
Had never thought of love.
To mark the beauties—Nature's claim!
Was all her wish and care,
And thus to turn his amorous flame,
She spoke with *debonnaire*.

" Come tell me whether you admire,
" These charming flowers so gay,
" And which of them you most desire,
" The *Rose* or *Tulips*, pray?
" Your *Roses*, Ma'am," the Beau replied,
" Are pleasing to my eyes,
" But then (poor Amoroso sigh'd!)
" Your Two-LIPS most I prize."

SONNET TO FRIENDSHIP.

WRAPT in the gloom of the embowering shade,
And night's dark mantle spreading o'er the scene,
From towns I fly to contemplation's aid,
To court sweet solitude! of sober mien,
And as the midnight breeze sounds through my ear,
To pale reflection's gentle voice attend,
Her honied precepts, tell to stem the tear,
And point to where TRUE FRIENDSHIP should unbend.
For what is man, whose hand ne'er stretch'd to save
His sinking fellow from the untimely grave?

When penury chill, assails with dreadful might,
And fell disease awaits the poor man's bed,
When every ill, obnoxious to the sight,
Join in full strength to bend his wretched head;
No ray of hope beams on his mind to chear,
His infant offspring, and his tender wife—
For death with gaunt-like strides approaches near,
To stop the fleeting moments of his life.
'Tis then KIND FRIENDSHIP, pours the healing balm,
And death's pale fury knows the power to charm.

From early youth, adown the vale of years,
I've courted thee, SWEET FRIENDSHIP! to my aid,
Full oft with thee have turn'd the sorrowing tears,
And sooth'd the anguish of the wife and maid,
Sav'd from the bed of death, the wounded sire,
And bade the orphan's fears no more be known,
The pallid cheek, when warm'd by FRIENDSHIP's fire,
Feels greater pleasure than proud courts can own—
While life shall flow, borne on thy fostering wings,
To misery's ken I'll fly, and ope' thy sacred springs

PATTY, A PASTORAL.

SEE blithsome PATTY now advance,
With roguish hazle eye!
The foremost in the merry dance—
How gaze the standers bye!
She trips along with footsteps neat,
And graceful is her move,
Her lovely coral lips, so sweet,
Invite to tender LOVE.

Mark on her dimpl'd cheek so fair,
The graces sit enthron'd,
Her beauteous locks of auburn hair,
Her voice—'tis silver ton'd!
Then say, ye swains? this angel bright,
Came surely from above,
To chace away the darkling night,
And teach *me*, how to LOVE.

Then PATTY while you thus inspire,
From you I'll never stray,
If pitying this my chaste desire,
You listen to my lay;
But fondly live and bless the hour,
I saw you graceful move,
And own when under HYMEN'S POWER,
The sweets of WEDDED LOVE.

THE ORPHAN'S TEAR.

HEARD you the *moan*, which sudden broke
From yonder cottage in the glen?
Heard you the *mingl'd cry*, which spoke
The hearts o'erchar:g'd with grief and pain?
Did you not, as the fierce wind blew
The sound across your list'ning ear,
Lament the day the parent flew
To WAR, and caus'd the ORPHAN'S TEAR?

Did not reflection sadly trace
The moments, when around his knees
His infant children ran to embrace
The form that sought their hearts to please?
Unconscious then of grief and care,
And scarcely knowing ought of fear,
Their days were pass'd without despair,
And pleasure check'd the ORPHAN'S TEAR.

Poor souls! they knew not what it meant,
When first they heard the hollow drum,
When their sad sire, with heart quite rent,
Was forc'd to quit his native home;
When his fond wife, in fate's big womb,
(While robb'd of him she lov'd most dear)
In fancy saw the yawning tomb,
That ope'd to raise the ORPHAN'S TEAR.

The field of battle his last breath
Receiv'd; and when the news came o'er,
His widow'd wife, a prey to death,
Her corpse extended on the floor:

Her children clasp'd her clay-cold form,
And follow'd their poor mother's bier;
Since then, they never hear the storm,
But instant *gush* the ORPHAN'S TEAR.

ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

DARK evening spreads her sable vest,
The breeze is hush'd across the plain,
Ere Philomel retires to rest,
I pour the sad, the plaintive strain.

For ah! what joy can swell my heart?
What pleasure turn my woes aside?
When death, with his unerring dart,
Has struck my fair and blooming bride.

By nature form'd to grace this earth,
Divinely fair, and good, and wise,
Her song to love would oft give birth,
Her form attractive caught all eyes.

Her worth the theme of ev'ry swain,
Her mind a model for each fair,
Where truth and honour held their reign,
And every virtue centred there.

And wedded bliss was ever near,
And love and constancy prevail'd,
Though fortune sometimes drew the tear,
Her tongue at fortune never rail'd.

But ere two summers o'er her head
Had told to ripen our esteem,
The promis'd hopes of joy were fled,
And life, alas! is now a dream.

Oh! when I think upon her worth,
And bring her angel-mind to view,
Full sorrow instant will have birth,
And copious tears spring forth anew!

Her face like morn's sweet blushes spread,
Her mind was gentle as the dove,
When pale affliction droop'd the head,
She'd instantly the cause remove.

For pity dwelt within her breast,
As well the wand'ring stranger knew,
The helpless orphan oft confest,
The sting from ev'ry wound she drew;

And ev'ry gentle maid can tell,
Within the hamlet near the plain,
That from the village eyes there fell
Large drops, when first she suffer'd pain.

In charity she oft reliev'd,
Though little here on earth was giv'n;
In kindred skies she's now receiv'd,
And finds a greater store in heav'n.

Her parents know this ample truth,
To them her duty well was paid,
Though "in the early bloom of youth
"The cank'rous worm of grief had prey'd."

That *worm* was planted by a hand,
Which ill repaid her anxious care,
Who felt alike for all the land,
And breath'd for all to HEAV'N a pray'r!

Should not the ties of blood avail?
The *sacred* tie which ought to bind—
MATERNAL CARE! did not prevail,
It springs not from a *venom'd* mind.

A *secret* caus'd her care and grief,
A *secret* she would ne'er disclose,
Which silent prey'd, and "no relief
"But death (she said) could end her woes."

Remembrance in her filial breast,
Full often wak'd the *dreadful* thought,
That serv'd to break her early rest,
For with remembrance, life was bought.

This pray'r she utter'd ere cold death
His icy fetters had fast bound,
Ere from her soul the parting breath
Had ceas'd to vibrate with the sound.

" PARENT SUPREME! whose mercies flow
" On mortals who're bewilder'd here,
" Pardon the *crime* I'm doom'd to know,
" The *crime* that caus'd me many a tear.

" A portion of thy mercy spare
" To *one* who turn'd from virtue's road,
" Who planted deep the canker care
" Within *my* breast to sting and goad.

" Oh! turn *her* heart again the way
" That leads to virtue's peaceful home,
" And grant, oh grant! she may not stray,
" But that her future days to come

" May pass in pray'rs, repentant sighs!
" In thanks for all thy mercies shewn.
" And when pale death shall close her eyes,
" AT THY DREAD JUDGMENT-SEAT ATONE."

Thus pray'd my bride, my much-lov'd bride!
Her pray'rs were heard, which scarce she knew,
Then gently breath'd, and when she died
Her spirit up to HEAVEN flew.

There, plac'd beyond the reach of care,
She tastes the sweets of well-spent days,
And join'd with angels good and fair,
She hymns her HEAV'NLY PARENT's praise.

Since then no joy my aching heart
Can find, depriv'd of all that's dear,
No earthly bliss allay the smart,
Or dry the source that starts the tear;

I wander, and can find no rest,
I sigh, but ah! I sigh in vain!
When ev'ning spreads her sable vest,
And hush'd's the breeze across the plain.

SONNET.

THE SEDUCER.

FAR from the haunts of man, in tangl'd brakes,
His head upon the lap of earth he lays,
And pours his recreant soul—no meed of praise
Chears the SEDUCER's hours, for mis'ry ever shakes
His pallid frame; no friendly hand assists to raise
His out-stretch'd limbs; his mind compunctious quakes,
When conscience shews the injur'd fair, that from his guilty heart
Drank poison deep, and to his cursed ways
Fell sacrifice: her virgin mind polluted felt the smart
That stings, when virtue flies the hallow'd part,
And bid her droop in death!—Since then, with joyless days
And sleepless nights, at every wind he'll start—
Poor wretched wanderer, hope can ne'er impart
To thy sad breast one joy, save DEATH'S FELL DART

SONNET.

THE ANXIOUS LOVER.

THE SUN has ris'n, and I must haste away,
To meet my love, or else, in accents sweet,
She'll chide my ling'ring footsteps when we meet,
And question, why I could so long delay?
Then gently whisper—" Love has swifter feet,
And would not wait to hail the coming day."
Oh! can I bear to hear my own LOVE chide?
Or can I chuse that she should anxious wait?
Ah no!—much better I were with my mate,
Lest some mischance her beauteous form betide,
And I arrive, alas! when 'tis too late;
Then I must wish that I had rather died!
But see! she comes! to bless me with her charms,
While to the winds I fling my fond alarms.

CIVIC MANNERS!

A TRUE TALE.

IN a city not far from the fam'd river Thames,
Where *gudgeons* and *salmon* are bought,
Liv'd a Knight, who, like others, could boast of two names,
At his *learning* some folks, he confest, oft "*made games,*"
When he murder'd *Dame English* they thought.

This Knight, tho' he lack'd what the old proverb says,
"Is much better than houses or land,"
Yet possess'd store of cunning e'en from his young days,
From a shopman by dint of *sly means* he did raise,
And became a great man in the land.

His riches procur'd him what merit can't gain,
Respect from the insolent crowd!
Having scrap'd a vast sum, he grew selfish and vain,
And sigh'd, till his neck bore an Alderman's chain,
Then talk'd big, was conceited and proud.

Till stepping at last in the grand civic chair,
Determin'd to shew off with glee,
Around on his neighbours he look'd with a stare,
And scarce knowing why fortune e'er plac'd him there,
How he justice dispens'd let us see!

My Muse has a story to tell of my Lord,
Which happen'd one night to befall,
When panting for gapers, he sat at that board,
Where MERCY is dealt from a plentiful hoard,
And JUSTICE flows pure at her call.

The Judges had taken their seats on the bench,
My Lord in the midst of them plac'd,
(Dread silence proclaim'd, and a poor ill-starr'd wench
Was put to the bar to be tried for a *wrench**)
By a *perfume* the Hall was disgrac'd.

Not only poor mortals, but *candles* will die,
So it happen'd with one on this night,
Which sunk in the socket, just near my Lord's eye,
The scent had no sooner his nostrils drawn nigh,
Than he shrunk at the smell and the sight.

* Vide Old Bailey Dictionary.

With a voice like old Stentor, of whom we have heard,
He roar'd out for the cryer, *his friend*—
" Here, Loader! here, Loader!"—soon Loader appear'd,
When his Lordship address'd him as thus—" I'm *afeard*
" Your assistance to us you must lend.

" D'y'see now! don't you *not* a moment delay,
" To put that *there* candle quite out,
" It makes such a d—d st—k, now its on the decay,
" So d'ye hear! get another, take that *there* away,
" For it smells so, just under my *snout*."

The candle was douted, his *snout* set at rest,
And scarce had the *st—k* died away,
When another mischance, or disorder at best,
In the shape of a mortal, appear'd like a pest,
And his words set in battle array.

" Why, Loader, that man (pointing to a rough brute)
" Is *a* making a very great rout,
" See, his hat's *an* his head, I desire he'll be mute,
" And tell him, his hat in his hand would *more* suit,
" And I beg that you'll now turn him out!!!"

The Judges astounded, look'd round on the Mayor,
While decency blush'd at the sport,
The audience, and prisoner, all ey'd with a stare
My Lord, who was acting the part of a *player*,
And making a *farce* of the Court.

But my Muse on this night has much more to record,
For the fellow still kept on his clack,
To Loader he said, " he'd be d—d if he stirr'd,"
When my Lord, whose quick ears had just then overheard,
Bid Loader the *feller* bring back.

" Why, how now, you *feller!* how dare you *disbey*
" The orders I sent you just now—
" To stand with your hat *an*—what is't you mean? hey!
" And what do you think I'm plac'd for here, pray?—
" Not to let such *chaps* as you breed a *row*!!!"

" Why, my Lord (says the *chap) nor* no more I *won't*
stir,
" For this *here* man, with the carrotty locks,
" Has borrow'd a *quid*, and he wants to *deter*
" Me from *axing* my own, but I shall not go *fur*
" Till he gives me my *ould backer-box*."

My Lord then commanded the *chap* to restore
The box he unjustly withheld,
And Loader conducted them both to the door,
And *sweetness* and *order* the Court found once more,
When the *st—k* and the *noise* were expell'd.

And you, gentle Mayors, throughout Albion's isle,
Who boast not of learning divine!
When ye sit on the bench, lest you force out a smile,
Pray keep your *mouths* clos'd, 'twere much better the while,
Nor *open* them till you can *dine*.

For at *dinner*, a figure more grand you will *cut*,
Than my hero display'd on that night,
When the Jury and Barristers made him their butt,
And *crack'd* their joke better than *cracking* a nut,
'Bout the *feller*, the *st—k*, and the *light*!!!

MARIAN, OR THE PARTING.

WHY droops my MARIAN? what, though war
His trump so loudly sound,
And paly death in blood-stain'd car,
Be driving o'er the ground.
Yet though your EDWARD's doom'd to go,
A soldier must not fear,
True courage e'er shall grace my brow,
And MARIAN still be near.

See from afar the threat'ning band!
My comrades I must join,
And when I leave my native land,
Let not my love repine:
For soon the haughty foe we'll quell—
Then turn aside that tear,
And each fond care and pain dispel,
For MARIAN still is near.

Oh! come, my love, the vessels wait,
One kiss and then—adieu!
And, MARIAN, sure some kindly fate,
Will guard me but for you;
And when the din of WAR shall cease,
With heart that's still sincere,
I'll home to wed, and live in PEACE,
With MARIAN ever near.

SONNET.

THE FORSAKEN MAID.

I HEARD the maid who lov'd and gently sigh'd!
In secret when bright Sol had clos'd his reign,
With murm'ring accents breathing nought but pain,
And anxious wishes that she might have died,
Ere such ill-luck her love-sick heart had tied
To one who let her breathe her sighs in vain,
Nor heeded her complaints—when through the grove
She softly trod and call'd upon her love!—
Unkind he was, yet still she lov'd him dear,
Nor from his form could her fond thoughts e'er rove,
Her heart so close around his own was wove—
Alas! the source from whence she drew the tear
Had fled her bosom—no sympathizing breast was near,
Save the 'lorn nightingale, whose warblings she did move.

ON THE

DEATH OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

STRIKE the mute lyre, and tell in pensive strains,
While tears shall flow AMERICA's sad plains,
How WASHINGTON, the generous, just, and brave,
Who nobly fought his country's rights to save,
Is fled from hence to *live* in kindred skies,
When HEAVEN's last trump shall bid the good arise!
And as in numbers, solemn, soft, and slow,
The dulcet sounds proclaim the cause of woe,
Shall each true patriot, while his grief-wrung breast,
Mourning his death, though happy he is blest,
Still sighs as journeying to his tomb to pay
The grateful, friendly, tributary lay,
Recount his virtues, all his merits scan,
While TRUTH shall own GEORGE WASHINGTON—A MAN.

THE FEELING HEART.

Addressed to a Friend, who asked the Author, "Which is the best boon from Heaven?"

YOU ask me—"which, beneath the sun,
"Is the best boon that heaven bestows?"
The task, my friend, is quickly done—
THE HEART THAT FEELS FOR OTHERS WOES!
When want and dire disease surround,
And misery points her keenest dart,
Say, if on earth a bliss is found,
That can surpass a FEELING HEART.

Does gaudy pride that rolls in state,
And nightly lulls in luxury's lap,
E'er turn aside the dart of fate,
From worth, oft prone to sad mishap?
When by the hand of ruthless war,
The widow and the orphan smart,
The greatest bliss they find by far,
Is dealt them from a FEELING HEART.

And need I point the strangers home,
  Where many every day repair,
And each, no more is doom'd to roam
  The hapless victim of despair:
Go on, my friend, pursue thy plan,
  And act a more than human part,
While all shall venerate the man,
  Whose breast contains a FEELING HEART.

INVOCATION TO ELIZA.

OH! come Eliza! let us fly
  From where the busy town annoys;
The sun of Spring invites to try,
  The spot were innocence ne'er cloys.
And see! the birds in concerts sing;
  The flowers are budding forth to please;
The Winter now has taken wing,
  And fled the cot of rural ease.

Too long, my fair, from adverse fate,
We've borne and felt the sting of pain;
But now far happier joys await,
Joys that can ne'er exist in vain:
And mark around how fair the scene,
While every face portends us friends,
And every day will be serene,
While innocence our home attends.

Our children then in virtue's school,
Shall learn to bless their parent's name,
And taught to follow reason's rule,
Despise the pride that clings to fame;
Proud empty fame, and ill got wealth,
Shall ne'er come near our rural cot,
While independence, peace, and health,
Exist to bless our humble lot.

When gliding down the course of time,
Old age shall close a life well spent,
Our children too while in their prime,
Pourtray the bliss of calm content;

And when the hand of death draws near,
And calls our last account to pay,
We'll meet the reck'ning without fear,
In realms of never ending day.

SCOTLAND.

INSCRIBED TO
HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

SCOTIA, I love thy charming glades,
Thy hardy sons, thy lovely maids,
Thy chearful hospitable domes,
Where strangers find their ready homes;
Where mirth and social converse 'bound,
While the circling glass goes round,
And every face is deck'd with smiles,
As joy, "auld reekit care" beguiles.
From scenes like these new pleasures spring,
And every breast beats for his KING.

As late when traversing thy plains,
To mark Dame Nature's gorgeous trains,
My wearied steps though onward bent,
To end my journey full intent;
I heard, when near Dunkeld's fair hill,
The distant sounds of music's trill;
The flute, in numbers soft and sweet,
Gave to my ears delicious treat,
While my sunk limbs obey'd the sound,
I seem'd to tread on fairy ground.

Oh, music! sent to soothe our cares,
To cherish love with melting airs;
To bid the aged trace back time,
And fancy paint them in their prime;
Enlivening youth with frolics gay,
And making e'en December—May.
How oft when care has wrung my breast,
Have thy sweet numbers sooth'd to rest;
And to the haggard fiend despair
Succeeded love and pleasure there.

Oh! give me while on earth I stay,
To know thy power, confess thy sway,
While ruddy health attends my cheek,
Oh! let me hear thy numbers speak;
Numbers which bear down every woe,
And nought but bliss and pastime shew.
The sportive dance with many a lass,
Chearful the winter's night I pass;
And only sigh that morning's dawn
Must part me from the lass to mourn.

Oh! Caledonian nymphs so sweet,
Whose hearts with music swiftly beat,
Who chastely grant, nor think amiss,
Earth's dearest treasure in a kiss.
How shall I thank you for the pains
You've ta'en to please me with soft strains,
And bid me cherish love's sweet power,
And hail the merry sportive hour;
When but for you who gaily sung,
How tedious must the hours have hung

And you, brave sons of Scotia's land,
Whose daring spirit at command,
Will march to where the embattl'd plain,
Calls loud for aid, nor calls in vain.
Then foremost to the fight you fly,
Resolv'd to conquer or to die;
Your deeds shall future pages tell,
Where Gallia's host in battle fell
On Egypt's shores, and all must say,
That Highland valour bore the sway.

Sweet Friendship! at thy hallow'd name,
My heart beats high and swells my frame;
I turn to whence thy bounties flow,
From streams more pure than is the snow.
My muse, inspir'd by grateful lays,
Attunes the lyre to Scotia's praise:
For bred in honour's sacred school,
Thy sons are brave by wisdom's rule;
Thy daughters handsome, good, and fair,
Are Virtue's proudest, chiefest care.

SONNET.

THE DESERTER.

GUARDED between four Centinels with pointed steel.
Marching along the public walks by day,
See the DESERTER hang his head and say,
" Why have I done this! and what must I bear,
" Ere from my back the scorpion sting they tear:
" What must my wife and helpless children feel
" When they shall know to gain for them some bread,
" With madden'd fury to the standard I
" Rush'd without thought, then took the cash—to fly
" I next essay'd; but scarce a distant town
" Had gain'd, when I was stopp'd, with shame bow'd down,
" My hands they fetter'd. Now to the prison led
" In captive state!" Ah, me! what woes befall
The man who shrinks from honour's sacred call.

MARY's TALE.

" THIS stubborn heart will never break,
" These eyes unus'd to weep ne'er close;
" My grief, what tongue but mine can speak,
" Oh, hear the cause of Mary's woes!
" You sure must say 'twas fate unkind,
" That robb'd her of a lover dear;
" Then judge the state of Mary's mind,
" Alike a prey to hope and fear.

" My William dear was one of those,
" Who often plough'd the watery main,
" And often beat Old England's foes,
" And wish'd to beat them oft again;
" But five long years he'd been at sea,
" And five long years had Mary mourn'd:
" When oh! the joy that waited me,
" One day my long lost Will return'd.

" Return'd as true as first he went,
" And wish'd to own me for his bride,
" To live in peace and true content;
" But ah! our wishes were denied.
" The day was fixt our fates to join,
" The church but just appear'd in view,
" I fondly hop'd to call him mine,
" But ah! ne'er thought so soon to rue.

" A Press-gang seiz'd upon my love,
" And bore him to the ship away,
" Nor tears, nor prayers, did any move,
" And who, alas! should say 'em nay.
" My grief no tongue since then can tell,
" I try, but cannot start the tear;
" For fancy says, in battle fell
" My William whom I lov'd so dear

" And why do Press-gangs prowl the street?
" And why are sailors forc'd to go?
" Just when from toil, their wives they meet,
" And hope they meet to end all woe.

" When ling'ring war with smoke and fire,
" Has damp'd the joy on board they feel,
" I guess, on shore, they ne'er desire
" A Press-gang should annoy their heel.

" And should those fears which press my mind
" Prove true, and I my love no more
" Shall meet; what joy can Mary find
" Upon this toilsome weary shore?
" 'Tis death alone can hush my fears,
" And stop the raging of my brain;
" Till then, relief I wish from tears,
" But, ah! relief I wish in vain."

THE SOLDIER's WIDOW's PETITION.

"A SOLDIER's sad widow, whose heart is near broken,
"A prey to keen anguish, fell grief and despair,
"Implores that in pity you'll give a small token,
"And ease her 'prest bosom of part of its care;
"My children are famish'd, for bread they are craving,
"Oh! shelter them under Compassion's soft wing,
"Their father is low laid fell war's cruel grave in,
"He *died* in defence of his COUNTRY and KING.

"When the foes to Old England had menac'd with danger,
"And honour directed what course he should steer,
"My Edward, who ever to fear was a stranger,
"Bedew'd my sad cheeks with affection's fond tear;
"His infants clung round, while my heart torn with sorrow,
"Alive to the grief separation will bring,
"He cry'd as he parted—"Oh Mary! to-morrow
"I *live*, or I *die* for my COUNTRY and KING."

" Too fatal, alas! were my fears when he left me,
" That never to Mary would Edward return,
" Of reason my anguish of mind had bereft me,
" And when it return'd I had full cause to mourn;
" For news came, that fighting for honour and glory,
" Nor heeding the horrors of death's fatal sting,
" My Edward (I tremble to tell the sad story)!
" Had DIED in defence of his COUNTRY and KING.

" Now left a lone widow, my babes unprotected,
" Unless some kind angel to pity their case,
" And led by compassion where virtue directed,
" Will cherish the soldier's unfortunate race;
" For comfort's denied to poor Mary for ever,
" Till death up to heaven her spirit shall wing,
" There join'd with her Edward, where WAR shall come never,
" In PEACE live above with the HEAVENLY KING."

THE VICTIM OF SLAVERY.

WHILE Afric's sons on burning sands display
Their hardy limbs, and welcome in the day,
With freedom blest, and taught by Nature's rules,
Despise the doctrines learnt in modern schools,
Which prompt the trader, for the sake of gain,
To brave the dang'rous and tempestuous main,
And from the mart where human blood is sold!
Their coffers fill with shining heaps of gold—
Say, shall a nation form'd on freedom's base,
Steal from those shores an inoffending race,
To sell within a land to them unknown,
Where damned SLAVERY is all their own?
Where the proud master, cruel as he's proud,
Delights to wound, though mercy cries aloud,
Bids his fell arm the uplifted stroke forbear,
And from the lash the hapless victim spare.
To him her voice is rais'd, alas! in vain,
He feels not pity, nor regards the pain.

His abject mind, unheeding cries of woe,
Claims kindred only with the damn'd below.
While the sad victim, writhing with the smart,
Sighs for that land, which holds his free-born heart,
Where once he knew the joy of being free,
Safe from the toils of base man's tyranny.
Then fond remembrance passing to that shore,
Where from his love the cruel captain tore
His manly form, and chain'd beneath the deck
Within the ship, his hopes were all a wreck:
No more he hop'd to see those happy days,
When with his Zelma, thro' the woody maze,
He rov'd unshackl'd, save by love's sweet chains,
Love, which all climes alike still entertains.
'Twas then, when straying hand in hand with peace,
Illusion told their joys would never cease,
Joys which were nurtur'd innocently dear,
And lull'd to rest the thought of harm or fear.
Thus poor Ontaro fondly pass'd each day,
Nor knew that mis'ry trod the flow'ry way,
Till one sad morn, when o'er the rising flood
A bark approach'd, whose streamers wav'd with blood,

And gain'd the shore: the simple savage race,
With eager gaze, now mark'd the white man's face,
And as the vessel disembogu'd its crew,
The sable croud retir'd afar from view;
But no retirement could them ought avail,
When cursed av'rice show'd the *goods* for sale,
For on the instant crew and master tear
Husband from wife, nor heed their sigh and pray'r.
While to the ship they bear the wretched band,
As tears and wailings swell the unhappy strand,
And friends, relations, all dissever'd torn,
Proclaim one gen'ral cause to grieve and mourn.
See frantic Zelma wring her dishevell'd hair,
And poor Ontaro lost in deep despair,
His eye-balls roll, and wildly gazing round,
The land recedes where happiness he found;
No more he hopes to meet his sever'd love,
No more to range unfetter'd thro' the grove,
His hopes are fled, and sadness fills his brain,
His free-born spirit mocks the heavy chain,
In sullen mood, apparently resign'd,
Prepares to free his body and his mind,

Indignant spurns the base oppressor's rod,
He loathes his food, and calls upon his God
To free his body from this bondage state,
And welcomes death, the harbinger of fate.
And now the captain bids the lash prepare,
To scourge his back, and to the bone lay bare,
While at each stroke the blood is seen to flow;
But mark the sequel of this tale of woe!
His limbs unfetter'd, being left quite free,
From the red deck he leaps within the sea
To end his woes; borne on his wat'ry grave
Some time is seen, then sinks beneath a wave.
Can Britain's sons alone, at mercy's call
Be deaf, and let the stroke uplifted fall
On unoffending men, in freedom born,
From wives, from friends, from home and children torn?
By them too torn, who boast of christian laws,
Drawn from the good and only true FIRST CAUSE.
What made this nation great in Europe's eyes?
What, but that freedom which we love to prize?
And estimating all its value given,
Are proud to say, that 'tis the behest of heav'n.

Then why tyrannic dart among that race,
Whose only crime is being black in face,
And drag them forth like beasts to toil the day,
And slave and wear a dreadful life away?
But 'tis not freedom can our hands restrain,
When avarice points at *any* road to gain;
No matter whether wading seas of blood,
Or plundering nations, so 'tis understood
That "laws of nations" bid the merchants sail,
Waft cargos rich in human traffic's gale;
And yet these merchants, in a christian land,
Wage the rude traffic with a sov'reign hand,
And worship GOD in *name*, but not in *deed*,
For what's religion, unless truth's the creed?
When that divine precept is set to view,
To "DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE UNTO,"
Is thrown aside, and avarice brings the train
Of Murder, rapine, plunder, and false gain,
It matters little what the creed may be,
For this is certain—'tis not SINCERITY,
And heav'n offended, sure will mark the man,
Who makes religion but a worldly plan

To fill his coffers from fair freedom's shore;
On such a man his timely vengeance pour.
Oh! then beware, this dreadful trade forego,
Which leads to gain, but ah! it leads to woe;
Let not the gentler virtues sink and die,
Virtues which take their only source from high;
But through the earth let it recorded be,
That Afric's sons by Britons are made free.

SONNET.

JESSY's LOVE.

THE GENTLE JESSY mourn'd her lover dead,
And while she wept and play'd beside the brook,
Aside she cast despondingly a look,
And cry'd, "when will he come!—ah! whither is he fled!
"He told me that he lov'd me more than gold,
"Or ought that wealth can purchase in this land;
"But now he's false; his love is grown quite cold;
"Some other fair has now obtain'd his hand.
"Well, let it be! but still I love him dear,
"Though he's unkind. But see! this burning tear
"Assures him that my heart will still be true,
"Though hope has left me nothing but to rue."
Thus JESSY mourn'd. But ah! she mourn'd in vain,
For death that KILL'D her lover, TURN'D HER BRAIN.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

WRITTEN IN 1801.

AH! what bright form breaks on my sight,
Thus drest in chearful smiles,
And flowing robe of spotless white,
Like hope that care beguiles?
'Tis PEACE, the handmaid of Content,
Who comes to bless our shore,
Her olive branch so lately rent,
Has stemm'd the cannon's roar.

Too long has Albion seen the day,
That bid fell war's dread sound,
With desolating sword display
The crimson'd plains around;
But now no more unceasing strife,
Upheld by faction's crew,
Shall point the venom'd murd'rous knife,
To make the orphan rue.

No more the swain shall quit his flail,
  On foreign shores to bleed,
Or widow'd matron tell her tale
  Of sad distress and need;
His sire no more the orphan mourns,
  Or pallid maidens sigh,
For long neglected PEACE returns,
  And JOY lights up each eye.

THE STORM.

Written on the Sea Shore in November, 1803.

THE gath'ring clouds portend a dreadful night,
  The sullen waves beat high with mingling roar.
And see the vessel trembling heaves in sight,
  Perhaps ne'er doom'd to reach the coming shore.

In that same bark how many souls are plac'd,
  Anxious to meet their friends and kindred dear;
Hope flies their bosom on the wat'ry waste,
  And nought succeeds but fell despair and fear.

With fearful eye while gazing on the main,
Upward I send a pray'r to heav'n's high throne,
That the frail bark may brave the tempest's reign,
And each sad mariner may claim his own!

But hark! the wind assumes a louder note,
The angry waters rage with double ire,
The sky in torrents from its liquid throat
Descends, and mingles with the lightning's fire.

These are dread moments!—when the whelming waves
An useful lesson give to all mankind,
To be prepar'd when summon'd to their graves,
Nor feel the want of rectitude of mind.

Poor foolish mortal! how dare I presume
To approach the throne whence deeds of mercy flow,
'Tis heav'n's high will, that each should meet his doom,
Entomb'd within the briny grave below.

For scarce the bark had reach'd the wish'd for land,
When suddenly a whelming wave o'erspread
Her sails, and ship and crew, by high command,
Were instant number'd with their fellow dead.

O Gracious Power! that rul'st the earth and sky,
Whose ways are useful, and whose views are pure,
Ah! who shall impious dare THY power deny,
And set *his* creed against his Maker's sure.

The ways of heav'n are hid from mortals' sight,
Beyond our reach to criticise or scan,
And all we know, ere day is veil'd by night,
Is, that we've life, and how that life began.

For what is life? The storm that gathers round
My troubled head through many a weary day,
But tells me happiness can ne'er be found
Until pale death shall call me hence away.

To that blest tomb, where troubles ne'er annoy,
Where sorrows cease to wring the care-worn breast,
Where the oppressor's fangs can ne'er destroy,
And subtle pain is hush'd at length to rest;

Thence call'd to realms of everlasting day,
Where peace shall hail the truly upright mind,
Where crown'd with joys along the heavenly way,
Serene shall glide the moments pure and kind.

SONNET.

THE KISS OF LOVE.

MY love's best gift ere nuptial rites proclaim,
The vested right to taste more mellow joys,
How do I prize thee when no breath annoys;
And damps the pleasure springing from those lips,
Whence from the touch my soul rich nectar sips,
And pale-ey'd tremor seizes all my frame.
More sweet to me thou softly yielded kiss,
Thy spicy odour to my heart such bliss
Conveys, that I'll not loose thee—therefore lie conceal'd
Within thy secret cell, nor think to be reveal'd.
Thou'st rais'd so sweet a tumult in my breast,
That nought but Hymen e'er can set at rest.
Oh, thou delicious prize! the best gift from my love,
Ere nuptial rites more mellow joys shall prove.

SONNET.

TO ELIZA.

BEAUTEOUS are eyes whose beams transcendant shine,
Bright as the arch of Heaven which gilds the day,
When not a breath is heard or whisper play,
But the expanse a lovely *blue* unfolds; so rare to meet!
So 'tis with *thy* full orbs, my lov'd Eliza! darting sweet
Their expressive glances shot from thy heart divine—
Oh! my sweet love! when first with raptur'd gaze,
My heart drank deep of thy unrivall'd charms,
What did I fear? How swiftly soft alarms
Ran through my veins, lest I should sigh, nor raise
One kind responsive sigh, which sometimes strays:
Nor hope to live within thy much lov'd arms;
But when I told my love, what tongue can speak
The joy I felt when *blushes* spread thy cheek.

NEGLECT.

ADDRESSED TO MYRA.

AH, MYRA! how oft when we stray'd thro' the grove,
Have you vow'd, and confirm'd the fond vow with a kiss,
That you ne'er would forsake me, but constantly prove,
That you liv'd but to love, and that wedlock was bliss.

Then I fondly believ'd all your vows to be true;
In return pledg'd my faith, and my joy seem'd compleat;
But too soon found that love, you, alas! never knew,
And constancy only a name for deceit.

Deserted I wander when night veils the earth,
And the nightingale listens the while I complain
Of the fountain from whence my full sorrows have birth,
The source that o'erwhelms me in anguish and pain.

For stricken my soul is, and pleasure no more
Delights to enfold me within her embrace,
By love's fatal passion my bosom is tore,
For hope now is fled—to despair given place.

The morn that so chearful appear'd to my sight,
Returns now to mock but my grief and my care.
For comfort is fled, and no more can the light
Give birth to ought else but to endless despair.

The walks that so late, when my heart was in tune,
And responsively beat to the music of love,
No more seem inviting; remembrance full soon
Tells of pleasures I knew as we rang'd thro' the grove.

The maidens belov'd are all chearful and gay,
While health and sweet innocence brighten their
cheeks!
Oh ne'er may NEGLECT on their happiness prey,
Or vice steal the treasure that virtue bespeaks!

The swains all around me, when labour is done,
Repair to the spot where their lasses they meet,
For labour to them when they rise with the sun,
Is pleasing, for constancy shuts out deceit.

Ah! what can have made my dear Myra untrue
To those vows she so often repeated to me?
Ah! what but the curse that make hundreds to rue?—
She found *that* in wealth, she could ne'er find in me.

Oh gold! thou can'st make even virtue of vice,
The coward as brave as the bravest of men,
From the lawyer his *honesty* draw in a trice,
A *jewel* that's seldom e'er found in *his* ken.

'Twas *thy* cursed power that led her astray,
And made my dear Myra untrue to her love,
That planted a thorn in my bosom once gay,
To fester, and nought but her presence can move.

Oh! come then, Oblivion, and heal the sad wound,
O'er my bosom thy influence kindly throw,
Or misery still at my steps will be found,
For nought but thy balm can e'er soften my woe.

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1802.

REVOLVING round the course of time,
The day at length is come,
When every heart and hand will chime,
To welcome CHRISTMAS home;
No more dull care shall charge the brow,
But quick his station leave,
The front that bade the tear to flow,
Shall smile on CHRISTMAS EVE.

Around the fire with social mirth,
The joyous party meet,
To give to pleasure a new birth,
And hail the festive treat.
The board now smoaks with viands hot,
Of hunger to bereave
The guests, that in Contentment's cot
Are met on CHRISTMAS EVE.

Now circulates the spicy bowl,
The song and jest with glee,
The toast from each true Briton's soul,
"THE KING AND LIBERTY;"
United in one common cause,
Nor boasted threats believe
Of Gallia's sons, who own no laws
That give *them* CHRISTMAS EVE.

The deaf'ning voice of WAR is mute,
While joy leads up her band,
And at her call rich plenty's fruit
Is dealt by freedom's hand.
While thus the hours pass quick away,
To part all seem to grieve,
And wish that PEACE may crown the day
That brings next CHRISTMAS EVE.

RETRIBUTION.

A TALE.

THERE are within this narrow sphere,
Men who affect to be sincere,
Who while Dame Fortune does not frown,
Will help to knock her La'ship down,
And under friendship's virtuous guise,
Will swear and tell a thousand lies,
Profess to serve you without end,
Their houses, cash, and selves will lend,
And, in return, will drink your wine,
And now and then go home to dine;
But once should fortune chance to veer,
And you no longer give good cheer,
These very *friends* will change their tone,
And all their *friendship* soon disown.
Nay more—(I blush! my timid pen
E'en trembles while I mark such men)

Will raise an outcry 'gainst your name,
And publish it with marks of shame;
And while their *pestilential* breath,
More deadly than the stroke of death,
Is busy in the *virtuous* cause,
And seeking, from their tales, applause!
Will foul *detraction*, born of sin!
Spread forth the CRIME which they begin.

Oh, pity! that in this free land,
Such knaves are suffer'd to command
The public voice, and turn its streams,
To pass as *current* all their themes.
That such exist we're doom'd to know,
And two such KNAVES my tale will show.
Some twenty years ago, or more,
There liv'd a man who had some store,
In cash and land, his rental round
The year, produc'd four hundred pound.
Enough for all his worldly ways,
If *prudence* had but mark'd his days;
But often *prudence* leaves behind
All those who boast a generous mind.

Such was BENVOLIO, who might claim
Of upright minds the foremost name:
His heart was moulded of such stuff,
That those who ask'd ne'er met rebuff;
But freely to the needy man,
He'd *give* ere charity began.
And those who ask a *loan*, he'd grant
To any who might be in want.
Dark ey'd suspicion ne'er came near,
His open mind was free, sincere;
He thought all men bore honest hearts,
Nor mask'd themselves to play foul parts.
His table well supplied with food;
His wines were choice, and rich, and good.
And while the cash within his purse,
Was dealt to turn aside the curse,
Which wait on those who fortune lack,
To whom sometimes she turns her back:
(For such a jilt is Madam grown,
That worthy souls she'll scarcely own).
The kind BENVOLIO's chiefest care,
Was prone to make his friends all share

That happiness which ever's found
'Mong those whose hearts are true and sound.
It often happens that we find
(For some wise purpose 'tis design'd)
Kind heaven decrees that generous souls,
Who social pass full flowing bowls;
To knaves and rogues become a prey,
Who lurk in corners every day.
So 'twas his fate such KNAVES to know,
As RETRIBUTION'S TALE will shew.

At Christmas time in every year,
When every face with smiles appear,
BENVOLIO gave a handsome treat,
Invited all his friends to meet,
To celebrate with glee the morn,
On which his only son was born.
Amongst these guests invited were,
Two friends whose characters seem'd fair;
At least in good BENVOLIO'S eye,
Who ne'er suspected knavery.
The name of one was Billy Dash,
He drest, he gam'd, and cut a flash;

The other's name was Jemmy Rule,
Abstemious, cunning, and no fool;
Their characters I'll set in view,
But first the fairest let's pursue.

Now Billy Dash was one of those,
Who's more oblig'd to his fine clothes,
For any merit he could boast,
His head being thicker than a post.
He sported too his horse and gig,
And was what's call'd a knowing prig
At cards could play a *certain* game,
Though people call'd him by a name,
Which properly belong to men,
Who live by *gambling* now and then.
He'd sing, but oh! ye Gods! his throat
Pip'd like the screech owl's *soften'd* note;
And yet so vain the silly elf,
He thought no one pip'd like himself;
For scientific taste and skill,
He swore no mortal sung like Will.
His figure, I must fairly own,
Was such as no one would disown;

His failings were of folly's train,
For vice had not began to reign;
His portrait now expos'd most true,
Let's turn and scan the other's too.

Dark was the day when Jemmy Rule,
Was turn'd first on the world's wide school;
For at his birth the fates they lower'd,
And on his front their vengeance pour'd.
In person not unlike a goat,
You'd know him by his outward coat;
His shaggy mien and freckl'd phiz,
The ladies call'd him "*Jemmy Quiz.*"
For, reader, know that beauty's charms,
Would oft arouse his *fierce* alarms;
And quickly pouncing on the fair,
He, satyr like, would wish to share
Their love; but then he'd oft disgust
The female who could never trust
Herself within his cursed fangs,
But when she saw was seiz'd with pangs;
Which left her not until secure,
She 'scap'd his curst unfriendly door.

No wonder such a form should fright,
Which look'd more hideous than dull night;
His size was dwarfish, eyes of green,
And aspect which need but be seen,
To make both old and young declare,
That ugliness was center'd there.
One spot there yet remains to paint,
A spot which was all over taint;
That spot, HIS HEART, and reader know,
'Twas dark as is the shades below;
'Twas form'd in h—s most drear abode,
And sent on earth his friends to goad;
For when he smil'd, and smile he had,
Deceit was then so thickly clad,
You'd think his purpose meant you well,
Though it was hatch'd in vice's cell.
I blush, the while his name I write,
To think he e'er should shame the light;
Or at BENVOLIO's board be found,
Where chearful humour still went round.
His honest soul was not aware,
But that Rule's character was fair;

Or else within *his* sacred hall,
Such *friends* would ne'er presume to call;
Or e'er been seated 'mong the crowd,
That met to celebrate aloud,
The day which to the good man's care,
Had brought him forth a son and heir.
Long time gay humour fill'd the scene,
And each pourtray'd a pleasant mien;
They prais'd the wine and drank their fill,
Nor started from the board, until
The early herald of the day,
Had told the time to haste away.
But scarce three days had pass'd the feast,
When sad misfortune came. The least,
She play'd of her curst tricks,
A creditor seized all his sticks;
Benvolio, like a simple fool,
Sought Billy Dash and Jemmy Rule;
He reason'd as he went along,
And this the burden of his song:
" Such friends as these were well to know,
" For they'll relieve my present woe;

" They promis'd o'er and o'er again,
" That I should not apply in vain;
" I'll ask them for a little cash,
" And first I'll borrow of friend Dash."
Away then good BENVOLIO hies,
To Dash's door, but what surprize
His honest mind must surely feel,
When Dash turn'd quick upon his heel;
And when he ask'd a trifling loan,
To find his friendship cold as stone;
And hear this freezing sharp reply,
Which caus'd a tear to start each eye.
" Why really, Mister B. I am sure,
" I am not astonish'd that you're poor;
" Consider how you liv'd away,
" And never thought *my bill to pay;*
" And money's very scarce indeed,
" I, at this instant, stand in need
" Of all the cash that I can get,
" Therefore, I now must have *your* debt;
" And if it is not instant paid,
" The law must lend its *friendly* aid."

Thus spoke this *honest* hearted wight,
While his poor friend was weigh'd down quite;
And from his door he took his way,
To hear what 'tother *friend* would say.
The same request he urg'd again,
When thus his *friend*, in soften'd strain,
Replied, and *promis'd* he would try
To avert the impending destiny;
He'd use his interest with the rest,
To ease the troubles of his breast.
He *promis'd* fair, but mark the end
Of *promises* he gave his *friend*,
Which scarce his fears had lull'd to sleep,
When these *two friends* held converse deep.
And thus spoke Rule, most filthy elf,
Whose only care was for himself:
" I, prithee Dash, what is your debt?
" Because you know we'll *nab* him yet;
" And I've a scheme will sure succeed,
" For though the fellow cannot *bleed*,
" We safe can keep from further harm,
" In durance vile his body warm.

" He thinks that I am not severe,
" But that for pity I've a tear;
" So I'll amuse him when we meet,
" And have the Bailiffs in the street
" To seize him as he quits my door,
" For friendship he shall have no more
" From me, since wine and good cheer's fled,
" I care not if he begs his bread;
" And though my pound of flesh is lost,
" Dam'me, his body pays the cost.
" What matter, though his wife is good,
" And she and child may want for food;
" What, though her virtues are the theme
" Of every good and virtuous dame;
" Virtue and goodness are mere stuff,
" Gold to me is virtue enough,
" Therefore, dy'see, if it meet your wish,
" We'll instant wife and infant dish,
" And leave them at the workhouse door,
" Where full as good have been before;
" For let me tell you, neighbour Dash,
" What need we mind the fellow's crash,

" Who owes me many a golden pound,
" Full eighty-four, that I'll be bound;
" At least, I know, if not so much,
" I'll SWEAR it!!! and the rascal touch."
His *honest* purpose thus disclos'd,
Let's see what t'other friend propos'd.
" Why ay, 'pon honour," says the wight,
" That each should have his own is right,
" To lose my bill I can't afford;
" For let me own—upon my word!
" That fifty pounds won't pay my score,
" 'Tis quite as much; I dare say more;
" And should I lose it, horse and gig
" Will come but short off—dash my wig!
" But we'll be with him very soon,
" And make him dance to a new tune.
" To Lawyer Scout's let us repair,
" And bid him writs forthwith prepare."
No sooner said, than adverse fate
BENVOLIO sent to prison strait,
There cag'd for *three successive years*,
His wife in vain shed forth her tears,

Essay'd to move their flinty hearts,
To ope the doors and ease her smarts,
But all intreaties were in vain,
They only triumph'd in her pain.
Then round about the town did go,
To publish what! a tale of woe!
Not merely *that*, but what is worse,
DETRACTION foul sent as a curse!
Insiduously they gave full birth,
And pour'd its venom instant forth
To blast his name, and all believ'd,
Nor thought or wish'd to be deceiv'd.

At length from India's clime there came
A friend, and M—— was his name,
Who, when he heard his friend was pent,
Discharg'd the debts and freedom sent,
Nay, more, procur'd him o'er the seas,
A place of competence and ease.
For ten long years BENVOLIO toil'd
'Midst ASIA's sons, and fortune smil'd,
Had wealth enough, nor wish'd for more,
And then he sigh'd for England's shore!

Once more was landed in this isle,
Where industry is seen to smile;
But scarce three days on shore had been,
When mark! how chang'd the fickle scene;
Those *friends* who sought to crush him dead,
Now pin'd in prison, wanting bread;
For HEAVEN, who ne'er deserts the cause
Of those who break no human laws,
And marks the undoer for his crime,
To punish when 'tis fittest time,
Had cast these *friends* within the jail,
For justice will at length prevail.

How mean and abject is that mind,
Which seeks relief from woes to find,
Unblushing seeks an *injur'd* man,
And crave assistance where they can:
So 'twas with these, who ask'd a mite
To save them from distress outright,
And suppliant urg'd, with humble breath,
Relief from the fell jaws of death,
For *that* they fear'd would be their lot,
Unless their *friend* had quite forgot

The injury they'd done his heart,
Which *now* embitter'd every smart,
And made them feel oppress'd with shame,
While his humanity they claim.
Oh Charity! thou soft-ey'd maid,
How blest in thy sweet vest array'd,
When MERCY points the ready road,
That leads to misery's drear abode,
My soul well pleas'd, the man adores,
Who finding EVIL—GOOD restores!
BENVOLIO's anger no more burn'd,
The tables now compleatly turn'd,
He felt within his rising breast,
Compassion's tears had fill'd his chest,
And all he sought or wish'd to gain,
Was to relieve them from their pain,
And on the instant, when he knew
Their case, that instant swiftly flew,
Unlock'd the prison doors with speed,
And did a GODLIKE act indeed;
'Twas RETRIBUTION urg'd him on,
'Twas RETRIBUTION saw it done.

HINTS TO THE FAIR SEX.

OH! tell me silly creature,
What 'tis that makes you pine,
And why each pretty feature
Seems fast on the decline?

Is't 'cause that man is cruel,
And leaves you thus to mourn?
Ne'er grieve he uses you ill,
Or wish him to return.

What though he said he lov'd you,
And oaths a thousand swore,
'Tis what a many more do,
And many will do more.

By nature man is roving,
And fickle as the wind,
Nor can to *one* be loving,
But with a *thousand* kind.

They search about for beauties,
To tell a love-sick tale,
Nor care for moral duties,
So long as they prevail.

Their aim to be undoing
The brightest gems on earth,
And then boast of the ruin,
Whatever be their worth.

Though born to be protectors,
They spurn the generous name,
And glory more like hectors,
When once they've rais'd the flame

Within a tender maid's breast,
Whose unsuspecting heart
Is broken of its true rest,
And left, alas! to smart.

For ere the flame's got under,
The sacrifice must prove,
The parting soon asunder
Of *honour* from her love;

And when that jewel's blighted,
As must be when you stray,
Why then the owner's slighted,
And careless thrown away;

There left to pine and wander,
An outcast from the world,
Or by some hoary pander
To sad destruction hurl'd.

From step to step thus creeping,
You act a vicious part,
Till death comes kindly peeping,
And *cures* a broken heart.

Sweet maidens then attentive
Pray listen to my song!
A certain, sure preventive—
I'll shew you right from wrong.

I'll usher to your sweet eyes,
Your ears also shall taste,
The specific 'gainst surprize,
And being left to waste

Your sweetness 'mongst the ungrateful,
Who'd daily mark your crime,
To make existence hateful,
Therefore beware in time:

For if my maxims you take,
And graft them on your mind,
The men will never forsake,
But constancy you'll find.

" When men first pay addresses,
" From modesty ne'er swerve,
" Nor shew to them caresses,
" But treat them with reserve.

" When they begin to flatter,
" And say soft, civil things,
" Receive such silly chatter,
" As it from folly springs.

(" A man of sense, be certain,
" Will act more like a friend,
" And never idly flirting,
" Do what he can't defend.)

" And should they sigh and languish,
" And piteous look in face,
" Ne'er give ear to their anguish,
" But turn and fly the place.

" But if to fly not chusing,
" Preserve a proper mien,
" Be dignified and musing,
" And listen quite serene.

" And if you find they mention
" What *must* alarm your pride,
" Give not the least attention,
" But instant turn aside.

" And though you love them dearly,
" That love should turn to hate;
" Such conduct must prove clearly,
" Their love was but a bait

" To catch you when unguarded,
" And steal your HONOUR dear,
" By marriage unrewarded,
" Then left to shame and fear.

" Then maids in time be ready,
" And take some good advice,
" Be upright, firm, and steady,
" YOUR HONOUR IS THE PRICE."

Believe these HINTS are given
By one who loves you well,
Convinc'd that under heaven,
There's nought like a good girl.

The plant of virtue's pleasing,
And you, sweet maids! must bind,
And cherish it unceasing,
To flourish in your mind.

For anxious that well doing
Should mark you through your lives,
I point the *road from ruin*,
And wish ye all were WIVES.

THE BRITISH VOLUNTEER.

Written on the occasion of His Majesty's reviewing the whole of the Corps, June 4.

OLD England arm'd in freedom's cause,
Behold in dread array,
To check proud Gallia's tyrant laws,
And crush her haughty sway;
Eager to meet the daring band,
And scorning death or fear,
Born to protect his native land,
The British Volunteer.

The natal day of Britain's King,
Each patriot hails with glee,
And round our Monarch praises ring,
While blest with liberty;
Great George approving as he views
His chosen band so near,
And who shall tribute e'er refuse
The British Volunteer.

Long may our isle from foreign foes
Ne'er fear the dread alarm,
But nerv'd in freedom's cause
Oppose the legion that would harm;
And FAME shall trumpet forth the praise,
And glory far and near
Shall crown with never-fading bays
The BRITISH VOLUNTEER!

TO THE

MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

SWEET Bard! whose numbers softly flow,
Whose melting strains bespeak thy woe,
When pale distress did overthrow
Thy chearful mind:
Thy equal genius here below
We rarely find.

Too early did the storms of fate
Oppress with more than usual weight,
And kind relief appear'd too late
When bow'd thy head,
And sunken low thy sad estate,
'Neath death's pale shed.

Within this world's most drear abode,
Where misery takes a steady road,
To sting, and torture, and to load
The honest heart:
One channel vice and wealth have flow'd,
Never to part.

In strains the sweetest of the nine,
Thy verses flow'd in measur'd line,
Attun'd by harmony divine,
And dulcet strains:
Lov'd was that verse which could refine
Both maids and swains.

Though chearful hours thou'dst gaily pass
With blithe companions o'er the glass,
Or now and then chat with a lass—
What then?—no harm
Came near, though oft the grass
Did beauty charm.

Though rugged fortune mark'd thy way
Through many a long and weary day,
Nor journeying onward would she stray
From off thy door:
Thy *mind* was *rich*; though we must say
Thy *purse* was *poor*.

No sunshine settled on thy head,
To clear the misty vapours spread,
And oft by sad misfortune shed
Within thy reach;
For hope from out thy bosom fled,
Nor more would teach.

Remembrance came and sunk thy mind,
Desponding, drooping, cast behind,
And nought to chear.—How many find
Just such a fate!
When death, than fortune much more kind,
Comes nor too late.

Oh Burns! though here no succour came
In time to prop thy well earn'd fame,
'Twas Scotia's pride and chiefest aim,
With bounty rare,
To shew respect: thy wife and children claim
Its fostering care.

Thy works shall live ere time goes down,
A monument of high renown,
Which genius' bays shall ever crown,
As rich in thought,
While all who scan thy works must own
They are well wrought.

Yet we must wish, that while on earth
Thou'dst met some one who knew thy worth,
To foster genius at its birth
With friendly hand;
But no such hand was e'er held forth
Within this land.

ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY OF MY EARLIEST FRIEND.

LOUD toll'd that bell! it struck upon mine ear
With dismal note responsive to my sighs,
As memory told me with her fondest tear,
That death had broken FRIENDSHIP'S DEAREST ties.

Oh memory! painful to my troubl'd heart,
That brings to mind the transient days are past,
Thou tell'st me now, that joy and I must part,
For all my days with clouds are overcast.

One victim more, to glut thy insatiate thirst,
Is snatch'd to number with the hallow'd dead;
That victim was the foremost and the FIRST
That sooth'd my sorrows on AFFECTION's bed.

When yet too young to know this world's sad care,
When yet too young to tell my little grief,
Her anxious bosom fondly was laid bare,
And all my troubles instant found relief.

Then through the windings of a tedious road,
Where error often clogs the weary way,
Instruction from her bosom mildly flow'd,
With kind solicitude lest I should stray.

While christian precepts into my fond breast,
Instill'd by mildness from my earliest youth,
Her lessons pleas'd me with a double zest,
Because instill'd by clearness and by truth.

At length arriv'd near manhood's fearful goal,
I learnt to estimate her well form'd mind,
And priz'd the lessons, gently to my soul
Convey'd by blandishments both good and kind.

Oh! SAINTED FRIEND! affection cannot trace
The time when blest in thy MATERNAL ARMS,
But recollection points at every grace,
And recognizes all thy mental charms.

Rich were thy charms, and spotless was thy life,
Thy mind was stor'd with gifts from learning's school,
And well thou'st mark'd the duties of the wife
And well thou learnt to live by rigid rule.

When cloth'd in charity I've mark'd the tear
Fill thy bright eyes to see fell misery reign,
At thy approach she'd instant disappear,
And joy succeed to sad distress and pain.

For sweet benevolence reign'd in that heart,
Humanity with godlike form e'er knew,
And all thy friends were eager to impart
Their tears and sighs when thy blest spirit flew.

Oh! MUCH-LOV'D FRIEND! when time's rough journey's
o'er,
And when my panting breast to beat shall cease,
HOPE kindly tells me, we shall part no more,
In those blest regions where's ETERNAL PEACE.

THE SUICIDE.

OH DEATH! how many victims bow,
To thy cold arms consign'd,
Some by the die are soon laid low,
And some not sound in mind.

Full sorrows often gorge thy tomb,
And turn which way we will,
We find that oft in time's big womb,
INJUSTICE dooms to kill.

To prove "that friendship's but a name,"
As our sweet bard has sung,
And "follows nought but wealth and fame,"
Should through the land be rung.

A FACT I'll tell which late occurr'd,
And came within my view,
Which when unfolded and is heard,
Must shew the bard sung true.

A crowd had gather'd on a bank,
Where ***** waters play,
Which evening's shades had made quite dank,
Just at the close of day.

Then instant to the place I ran,
And saw what made me feel,
Just from the river drawn a man,
And held up by the heel.

Pale was his face and swell'd his form,
Though genteel was his make,
And pity each one's breast did warm,
That life should him forsake.

But scarce from off his manly face
The muddy stream was clear'd,
When one among the crowd to embrace
His form full soon appear'd.

He recognis'd, though death had clad
His form with livid hue,
A friend whom fate had driven mad,
A friend he priz'd and knew,

Who liv'd within a certain town,
Not many miles from thence,
Where arts have gain'd a vast renown,
Though few can boast of *sense*.

Yet they may boast of *greater* store,
And what in this strange land,
Will bring the wealthy to your door:
I mean the CASH in hand.

Away from courts, and where the rust
Of boorishness may pass
As current, for they ne'er will trust,
Nor *moind* those who've no *brass*.

Where manners rude as is the bear,
And pride is always seen;
For *friendship* never centres there,
Nor *truth* of comely mien.

Yet in this town long time he dwelt,
And held his head quite high,
And want of credit seldom felt;
'Twas pride that made him die.

He stood indebted in a sum,
So large he could not pay;
And being urg'd, he left his home
Just at the break of day.

And no one knew the course he took,
His wife she mourn'd his flight;
But never thought his reason shook,
Or that he'd sink in night.

For three long days she mourn'd him gone,
For ah! she lov'd him dear;
His manners many friends had won,
And many dropt the tear

To think that *weakness* made him fly,
His pride took the alarm,
Lest those who kept him company,
Should not appear so warm.

And when he left the wife he lov'd,
One friend he call'd his own,
At least, he thought so, but it prov'd
With *him* had friendship flown.

For gold that turns the human heart,
And often makes the knave,
Within *his* breast began to impart
Some portion of the slave.

For scarce he'd left his home and wife,
A deed this *friend* did do,
Which made him weary of his life,
And fill'd his heart with woe.

That deed was done to hold him up
A mark for fools who're vain;
But then it fill'd his sorrows cup,
And instant turn'd his brain.

Too proud to meet the wicked's scorn,
Or stand their idle sneers,
His mind by anguish fell was torn,
Despair press'd on his fears.

He flew distracted to the stream,
And plung'd within the tide
(Hope had not left one feeble gleam)
He struggled long and died.

His foibles, though we must condemn,
For vices he had none;
Yet pity sure might pardon them,
When turn'd as cold as stone.

But honour never own'd *that* breast,
Where avarice proudly sway'd;
He car'd not who might want their rest,
So long as he was paid.

Oh God! how various are thy ways,
To mortals seeming vain;
But who shall e'er refuse full praise,
Or dare thy ways arraign.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF

AN AFFECTIONATE FRIEND.

FAREWELL! dear youth, whose gentle virtues shone
With undiminish'd lustre through thy days;
Whose equal temper, worth and sense when known,
Delighted all, and were the theme of praise.

How my fond heart with rapture own'd thy truths,
When pouring sage advice within my ear,
By HEAVEN instructed more than other youths,
By mildness tempered, and to virtue dear.

Around the circle where thy converse charm'd,
Where truth's behests were dealt in accents sweet;
Where other youths, to thee with friendship warm'd,
And maidens hearts with sympathy did beat.

Thy looks were placid, as fair morning's light,
  Thy life was even, and thy ways were good,
Thy deeds bespoke a mind both clear and bright,
  Richly endow'd with intellectual food.

Long time affliction wore thy tender frame,
  Long time confin'd thee to a joyless bed,
Were pain, disease, and every ill there came,
  To nurture death, 'till thy last spark was fled.

And e'en when death approach'd with hasty stride,
  Thy thoughts were fix'd on those were left behind;
Thy prayers, unceasing, never were denied,
  They spoke the feelings of a generous mind.

A mind that early sought where sorrows gloom,
  Had dash'd the cup of happiness below,
E'en felt for those when journeying to the tomb,
  And wish'd to turn the venom'd dart of woe.

Oh! much lov'd youth, thy soul must surely rise,
  To where the throne of Mercy own's a sway;
There join'd with Angels in cerulean skies,
  Enjoy the honours of a well spent day

ON HEARING A LARK SING.

GENTLY aside his curtains drawn,
To usher in the smiling morn,
  Bright SOL shoots forth a ray;
All nature feels the early breath,
And waking from the arms of death,
  Prepares to hail the day.

O'er yonder mead what thrilling note
Is that which through the æthers float,
  And charms creation round?
Sweet warbler! 'tis the HEAV'NLY LARK,
Who pious pours a grateful mark,
  As rising from the ground.

Oh! what a lesson to proud man,
This little warbler's daily plan
  Must usher to *his* view;
On pinions of triumphant praise,
He pours his sweet and grateful lays,
  Which mortals seldom do.

For bounties that *all* daily share,
This little warbler does not spare,
To hymn *his* morning song.
Oh! could his notes to mortals show
The blessings they derive below,
Who would his THANKS prolong?

THE SONG OF GRATITUDE.

THE heart of a man that is wise,
When friendship shall offer a boon,
Will instantly strike up a tune,
That shall tell of sweet gratitude's ties;
For what is more pleasing to all,
When truth the fond ties shall prolong,
Than chearful to keep up the ball,
And strike up SWEET GRATITUDE'S SONG.

There are men who have such hollow souls,
That gratitude never comes nigh,
But frighten'd away it will fly:
In *my* heart it still constantly rolls,

And must have its vent, or egad!
When the damsels of Britain among,
It plays just as if it were mad,
To strike up SWEET GRATITUDE'S SONG.

Sweet lasses of this favour'd isle,
When your hearts beat with rapture and love,
Oh! may Hymen attend e'er to prove,
That LOVE has ordain'd you to smile;
But should *sorrow* e'er come o'er your hearts,
Or *fate* ever do you vile wrong,
May each lad do his best *them* to part,
And then pay with SWEET GRATITUDE'S SONG.

Can I ever forget the blest hours
That I've pass'd among you, oh ye fair!
When your blandishments drove away care,
And strew'd o'er my path with sweet flow'rs?
For 'tis WOMAN that gives life its zest,
Without her would any live long,
And emotions now rise in my breast,
To sing them SWEET GRATITUDE'S SONG.

To my FRIENDS, whether female or male,
Whether young girls or middle-ag'd men,
Or ancient I'll shew by my pen,
Those feelings which ever prevail;
For I ne'er shall be wanting in truth,
When friendship comes dancing along,
I would join in the dance, and in sooth,
Would pay with SWEET GRATITUDE'S SONG.

For HONOUR shall guide me through life,
And HONOUR'S a jewel I prize,
Though some have affection for lies,
And wish to create mortal strife:
Such wranglers I pity their case,
And hope *right* will turn them from *wrong*,
Then to meet them with smiles on my face,
I'd tune up SWEET GRATITUDE'S SONG.

KNOTT & LLOYD,
Printers.

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